

A
SHORT JOURNEY
IN THE
WEST INDIES,
IN WHICH ARE INTERSPERSED,
CURIOUS ANECDOTES
AND
CHARACTERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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MDCCXC.



A
SHORT JOURNEY
IN THE
WEST INDIES.

ADDRESS.

FAREWELL, dear England !
farewell, my dear Eugenio ! forced
from the only country in the
world in which I ardently desire
to pass my life, I have left it
with a heavy heart. I shall never
lose sight of you, Eugenio ; such
friendship as yours gives to life
its proper relish, and commenda-

VOL. I.

A

tion

tion from you is enough to draw forth a good harvest of talents, even when the seed has been sparingly sown. 'Tis like the genial heat of the sun, in a mild and opening season, that swells the grain and multiplies it in the ear. But, in your wisdom, prepare for disappointment, for the same sun that ripens the corn, also generates the thistle and the poppy. Yet write I will, if the heat will permit me, and as long as I can afford pleasure to your friendship, or information to your curiosity.

AN

AN ALARM.

A BATTLE—yes, a battle, Eugenio—I had nearly witnessed, and been engaged in, the horrors of a sea-fight.—I was begirt like a warrior; a cartouch-box on my right side, a cutlass on my left, and a heavy musket in my hand. The day before we made Barbadoes, a vessel hove in sight, and, as she bore down upon us as fast as she could, our Captain presumed she was an enemy, and crowded sail to escape her.

We soon saw the impossibility of this, for she gained upon us every minute, and we had too much day before us to hope anything from the dark. We had sixteen four-pounders, were well provided with ammunition, and had fifty men before the mast, so that we were far from being weak. The men had already begun to wish his honour, the Captain, would stand for her, instead of showing her our poop; for it was plain enough to see, even off the deck, that if there were any odds, they were in our favour.

The

The Captain had thought it his duty to fly, but seeing that she came up with us very fast, he told the men, that he would wait for her as soon as they had fixt the netting to prevent her throwing in her hands upon us, in case she proved an enemy and intended to board us; for that he did not doubt giving a good account of her, provided she did not overpower us in that way by numbers.

The pleasure and alacrity shown by the failors is astonishing:—surely they never think of danger till it is over, and as they are com-

memorating it with their grog. The rattling was soon arranged all round the vessel—the guns loaded and primed—tubs of water and matches at each gun, and every man at his quarters, with a pike near him to catch the enemy on the netting if they should attempt to board.

All the passengers were armed with muskets and cutlasses, and three ladies on board sent into the cockpit. We then wore gently round, and stood our proper course for Barbadoes under an easy sail.

I con-

I confess to you, Eugenio, this was an awful moment—courage is the greater virtue as it stands in opposition to the first principle of nature—it is wonderful that sailors risque their lives with pleasure merely for the satisfaction of a battle, and I believe often divested of any idea of prize-money.

The vessel was soon up with us—within hail—a dead silence on both sides. She went round and round us with the greatest ease, and came so close to us, first on one side and then on the other,

that we could distinguish the features of the crew, and see that their numbers exceeded ours doubly.—She was an American sloop of fourteen four-pounders, and boarding was clearly her intention. As our netting secured us from that attempt, she did not think proper to attack us with her guns, at which we could have over-matched her. Our Captain assured us that he did not dare to begin the fight, being contrary to his instructions, in the packet service, which were to proceed immediately to his destination, and
not

not to engage unless attacked.

The men were very anxious for an engagement; but, without a single word being interchanged, she stood away from us, and left us to proceed quietly, and without bloodshed, to Barbadoes, where we arrived early next morning.

We had a passenger on board who very slowly and reluctantly buckled on his accoutrements; but could hardly be prevailed on to quit them the whole day after, and whose spirits rose in proportion as our enemy sunk from our view. As for me, I was not very
sorry

forry to see her depart; for, with
Despreaux,

J'aime mieux mon repos qu'un embarras illustre.

FIRST GLIMPSE OF SLAVERY.

BARBADOES, I believe, is the first
settled, and, for its size, the most po-
pulous island Great Britain possesses
in the West Indies. I was treated
with much civility here—but one
circumstance gave me great of-
fence: I was at breakfast with Mr.
F—. Devil take his breakfast!--His
servant,

servant, a negro, who was standing at the table with a peacock's tail in his hand to brush away the flies, had negligently suffered one to pass and alight on the butter.

Mr. F—, as a thing of course, darted at once a frown and an enormous blow across the poor fellow's face, who receiving it with the utmost submission, and without the least surprize, only cried out, as impelled by pain, "Oh, Massa!" and redoubled his diligence against the flies.

This is the first living picture I had of slavery.—F— meant
me

me no offence; but, recently from England, conscious what was due to one's company, not to say full of the ideas of liberty, my blood rebelled against the blow.—I felt an affection for the poor negro, and an instant detestation for his master. The oppressor and the oppressed are both at this moment in my mind, and the injured black looks amiable through his sooty skin.

THE

THE FATE OF A FALMOUTH-
LOVER.

ON the third day, at St. Vincent's, in the afternoon, all our passengers were collected on board the ship, which lay in the harbour, and we were only prevented from sailing by the want of wind. Not a breath was stirring, our canvass hung straight down—the sky serene, not a single cloud throughout the whole hemisphere; the surface of the sea was perfectly smooth and glassy, and so very transparent, that the smallest shells
were

were visible at the bottom, which was of sand.

Several vessels lay in the harbour, at a small distance from the shore, where negroes were at work. Straggling houses, interspersed with cocoa-nut and plantain-trees, and lofty mountains rising boldly behind, overspread with Indian foliage, added a magnificence to the scene.

It was about four o'clock, at which time the sun, in these climates, has still very great force. Our men were waiting the Captain's command to weigh anchor, which

which was needless in the dead calm that reigned. It was extremely warm. Our Armourer, who had, by his good temper and facetiousness, made us all his friends, with about a dozen more of the crew, stript and went into the water to cool themselves—the boat still lay alongside, whence they plunged.—It was pleasant to look on, and see them enjoy themselves—they bathed for a considerable time, and played some extraordinary pranks at *follow the leader*, jumping off the vessel's sides and yard-arms, passing un-

der the keel and coming up on the other side. If I had been a good swimmer I should have been over myself.—I endeavoured to persuade two fine lads, that were standing beside me, as I sat on the gangway, to go overboard and join the others:—I rejoice they did not; for, at the very instant, a man from one of the bows gave the alarm of a large fish.

Never having been in the West Indies, the stories concerning sharks had made no impression on my memory, and when he first
cried

cried out *A fish!* the warning was not accompanied, in my imagination, with the idea of danger.

Some of the men, who were swimming, begged he would not frighten them with false alarms: however, he had scarcely spoken before we were all convinced that the alarm was but too just. From the gangway, where I was sitting with my legs over, I perceived through the clear water a fish, which as it approached (and that it did with wonderful rapidity) seemed to grow larger and larger, till it

became, what it really was, a horrible monster.

Figure to yourself a number of men, naked, whose forms are completely visible, in the height of sport and enjoyment, suddenly turning their eyes upon a prodigious animal, to which one of them must inevitably and immediately fall a prey! then paint them, in your imagination, making instantly one and all for the boat, with that imperfect activity which fear and a foreign element occasion; and the more so when compared

compared with the speed of their voracious pursuer.

With the swiftness of an arrow he is in the midst of them.—The poor Armourer--I saw him as clearly as I now do the pen in my hand:--the enormous creature made first at him; but, with the most surprising presence of mind, at the moment the shark turned, to make his bite, he precipitated himself to the bottom. The monster's eye being caught by the other objects before him, he did not pursue the Armourer, but made instantly to the ship; where he

came but too soon for a poor fellow, who had already one hand upon the boat, into which half a minute more would have seen him safe:—but his fate was otherwise determined.—A handsome, fair skinned, well made man; he was a landsman, and his story heightens his misfortune. He was by trade a Stone-cutter, and by nature a lover: his mistress and he were born at Falmouth, where both had resided from their infancy.

In a sea-port town, it is not extraordinary that seamen should
please

please the fancy of the girls: his sweetheart had constantly declared she would marry none but a sailor, and to gain her for his wife was the sole cause of this young man's going to sea. Alas! could his Susan see him at this moment! were she sitting, like me, to witness what followed! The devoted lover, pale as the death that awaited him, with his left hand clinging to the boat, looked on his approaching fate without uttering a single sound. He and the shark were now directly beneath my feet, not two yards below. The mouth of

— this animal being placed under its head, forces it to turn on its side when it would seize any thing. When he made this turn, he opened such a mouth, that I thought he would have swallowed the man up; but, with his right hand, he darted a blow forward, and the monster took off his arm close to the shoulder. I now hoped he would have gone, for a man in the boat had pierced him once or twice with the boat-hook; but, ravenous beyond conception, he made another turn, and seizing the unfortunate youth by the waist, he

he coloured the water a little with his blood, and went off with him with as much rapidity as he had come. I could see them for a length of way under the water—the unfortunate man in the shark's mouth, his head out at one jaw and his legs at the other!

What Sufan's feelings will be, when she hears of the fate of her lover, I know not; but mine had never before been put so much to the torture—the horror dwelt upon my spirits for many days.

SHARKS.

THESE hideous monsters generally range under the torrid zone, and are, I believe, seldom seen to the northward. Since my arrival in Jamaica, I have heard a hundred stories about them, and the harbours of Kingston and Port-Royal is crouded with them. Frequent accidents happen here. The ships of war lie off Port-Royal, between which place and Kingston the general communication is kept up by wherries, boats much larger than the London wherries, carry-

carrying two sails, and ballasted with stones. They are all under the care of negroes; in every one is a chief, who has two other negroes and a boy under him: these negroes, being the property of some of the inhabitants of Kingston or Port-Royal, are put into the boats by their masters, who (as the term is) let them out to hire *to themselves*; that is, they expect a certain sum from them daily or weekly, from six bitts * to a dollar a day each negro. These wherries are con-

* A bitt is about 5d. sterling, and ten bitts and 5d. currency make a dollar.

stantly

stantly plying at the wharfs, on each side of this capacious harbour, to carry passengers from one town to the other, or to Passage-Fort, whence a road leads to Spanish Town. In this employment, as very great caution is not among the virtues of the fable race, it is not a rare thing to hear of their being overset, and, when such accidents happen, the unfortunate people seldom escape drowning, or the sharks.

I have been told, there was an Admiral on this station who constantly supplied one of these monsters

sters with a daily meal, in order to keep him about his ship, as a guard to prevent the sailors from swimming ashore to get spirituous liquors.

He was an enormous fish, and the sailors, who knew him well by his marks, gave him the name of Port-Royal Tom. It is amazing that, in spite of the danger, the negroes, and even the seamen, are often seen in the water.

D— told me an extraordinary instance of the eagerness with which these creatures pursue their prey. A lad, belonging to one of
the

the ships, had gone into the water before one of the docks at Port-Royal, where he was bathing, when some sailors, who were standing by, saw a shark and told him of it: the boy made his way through the dock, but just in time—the shark had spied him, and, impelled by hunger to a forgetfulness of his own safety, sprung into the dock after his prey: he darted with such force, that the spring he made brought him into very shallow water, where he could not swim; another spring, however, was about to carry him
back

back to his own element; but the failors, who are feldom unprepared, and who had feen the fifh at fome diftance, while he was making for the boy, got a running-tackle round his fins in a moment, and foon had the advantage over him.

It is faid, that negroes have been known daring enough to go into the water, in order to give battle to a fhark, and have returned victorious, towing their adverfary. If this be true, at leaft it is not natural; and if the negroes poffefs this undaunted courage,

courage, if they can go into an unnatural element, in quest of hideous and terrible monsters, for the sport of engaging with them, it will leave us to wonder at their submission to the yoke of slavery; to wonder that ever a rebellion can be suppressed; to wonder they do not prefer the gallows and the gibbet to the hoe and the whip. It is well for the European inhabitants of the torrid zone, that this unhappy race yield as easily, or perhaps more easily, to the passion of fear, than any of the race of Adam. But what do I say?

say ? who are more fierce and undaunted on their own continent ? This easy admission of fear, then, is the melancholy effect of that depression inevitably produced by slavery.

A DAY AND A NIGHT.

I NOW write to you from Jamaica, my dear Eugenio.—The heat becomes intolerable.—Oh ! for a glass of rasp-berry ice !—I am melting away—the sun is exhaling all my juices—I feel them passing through

through my pores. It is now the hottest time of the day—seven o'clock has struck, and the sun been up for more than an hour. An extreme heat pervades the atmosphere, unfanned by the smallest breeze. The slightest action throws one into a violent perspiration—the motion required to change one's linen, often makes it wringing wet, and the drawing on of the second stocking, will frequently make it necessary to put off both for a dry pair: the resource at last is to make one's negro draw them on.

What

What a powerful agent is interest, Eugenio, and how does it alter even nature herself! to see men toiling themselves, and forcing all their dependants to labour and toil in the torrid zone, exposed to the scorching rays of a vertical sun—in climates where even indolence would be almost pardonable, as being the effect naturally produced by excessive heat; yet in these climates, within this burning zone, are we impelled by that All-powerful Director of the human soul—our languor is forgotten, our ease

neglected, while the hope of fortune, as the hope of bliss, counteracts the evils of climate, invigorates and animates as the sun exhausts.

'Till between nine and ten o'clock, all the air this *fultry stiffness* holds, and every man breathes as he can;—about that hour the *sea breeze* sets in. This *sea breeze* is in general a very violent scorching wind, more tolerable, however, than no breeze at all, and for which we eagerly look out every day; happy to see it making its appearance at a distance on the water to the eastward,

ward, whence it constantly proceeds, being the common trade wind again impelled forward by the sun, after having subsided during the night, which it naturally does wherever there is land, and then a light air (the only pleasant one I have felt here) refreshes us a little from the mountains, and is, in contradistinction, called the *land breeze*: it is generally shunned as being dangerous, and shut out from most of the houses: "Don't sit in the north," is a common caution. On the south side of the island,

the land wind is consequently a north. The caution, however, is never obeyed by me, I sedulously court each gale, and *veni aura!* is my constant ejaculation. A few leagues, however, from the island, the trade wind blows constantly both night and day. When the sea breeze is moderate, the day is rendered more tolerable.

I regret the want of twilight here, for the dark comes on very suddenly, a few minutes after the sun is beneath the horizon. Had a twilight been consonant to the laws

laws of Nature, it might have made some amends for the scorching of the day: but we have no right to complain against Nature, for not adjusting her rules to the convenience of such as defy her, and turn their backs on her, to worship Fortune.

The few moments there are of twilight, serve but to usher in vast swarms of musquitoes—these have been my torment ever since my arrival. They are large gnats of a most venomous kind, and the thin cloaths of the country prove no defence against them.

It is in vain I wear my boots to guard my legs, or my gloves to secure my hands, they fettle on my neck, my face, and even make me feel them through my *nankeen*. Were the island unexceptionable in every other respect, this alone would make me sigh for our temperate region, where we might talk, or read, or write, without this dreadful molestation. My friends here tell me, I shall not mind them, *when once I am used to them*;—this is great comfort for the future, but in the present time, it is a serious evil to me.

From

From sun-set till it rise again,
these plagues infest every habitation
in search of human blood,
which they extract by means of
a long tube inserted into the flesh:
this operation smarts prodigiously,
and leaves the marks of venom;
an intolerable itching takes place,
which it is hardly possible to re-
frain from scratching, and the fre-
quent consequence is unpleasant
ulcers. I have seen the arms of
a lady terribly disfigured by them.
The inhabitants have gauze nets
made to the size of their beds,
and long enough to tuck in all
round,

round, in order to keep off these implacable enemies of their repose.

A little before the musquitoes begin to swarm, that is about sun-set, the house-wenches prepare the beds; one on each side of a bed, with a heavy cloth in her hand, mounts upon the frame: with one hand they hold up the net, and with the cloth in the other, brush away for several minutes, to drive out any musquitoes that may have lodged within; they then drop the net down on each side as quickly as they can, and tuck it
in

in all round in a hurry. This preparation is absolutely necessary, for, if omitted till bed-time, the enemy will have got possession, and they come at all times in such millions, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to dispossess them: but in a bed so prepared, one has a chance of sleep, if the unpleasant whizzing, whining noise they make, in flying about on the outside of the net does not disturb, or if one is not kept awake in search of breath.

If the bed is neglected to be brushed, (and that is often the
2 case),

case), if the net is not well tucked in, or if it has the smallest hole, one may go to bed but not to rest;—*experto crede Roberto*.—I have just risen from the proof.

I am at a gentleman's house who is rich, who treats well, and I supped in one of the finest rooms in this island. I was pressed to stay all night, and yielded to the invitation. It was past eleven before the company retired; I was conducted to a large elegant chamber, and promised myself a comfortable night, for there was a little air stirring, the gauze net
that

that would not admit musquitoes, being no impediment to the breeze.

I was in bed in a minute, but the musquitoes were there before me—proper precaution had not been taken—the net was ill-made, hanging down like curtains by the side.

I fell to work and brushed away with the towels, till I hoped I had cleared the bed, though I had no sooner lain down than they convinced me to the contrary—the multitude came on whizzing about me. I found it was impossible

fible to keep them out; and determined to lie with the towel in my hand, and keep them off by brushing all night. They whizzed, and I brushed for a long time, till sleep over-powering me, I forgot my towel; they woke me and I brushed again, till again I began to doze.

Thus have I been tormented all night. Once I tried the experiment of wrapping the sheet round me, but it only smothered without preventing their biting me through my covering: being exceed-

exceedingly sleepy, they drove me half mad.

This is not the only night of this kind I have past since my arrival; and if it is to be often repeated while I am here, I have only to pray for a speedy flight of Dover's chalky cliffs.

May all the nights of Eugenio, be the reverse of my last! may sweet repose attend his bed, and delicious temperature, both of mind and climate, preserve his soul and body from every sort of sting!

WENCHES.

WENCHES.

PRAY don't be shocked—there is nothing indelicate in the appellation of wenches, which I gave to the house-maids. A wench in this island, is as delicate as a maid in England—delicacy is the mere dependent of habit, as I daily learn. That wench, a fine wench, a good wench, a valuable wench, are the modes of speech used by both gentlemen and ladies when talking of the black women; and it is observable that the word

3 wench,

wench, is here more allied to fair than foul epithets. The ladies more naturally scold by wicked *wretch*, than wicked *wench*, and when very angry—devil incarnate.

A HAPPY

A HAPPY MAN AND HIS DINNER.

Sub domina meretrice fuisset turpis & excors;
Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto fus.

WHAT a charming allegory is that of Circe and her swine in the *Odysssey*, how naturally it occurs when we see a company briskly circulating the bottle, though they know what beasts they are going to make of themselves; and yet I am but a bad champion, Eugenio, against the charms of conviviality, and hard is it to resist the united force of sollicitation

tion and example, and impossible, if reinforced by friendship, humour, and wit. Were they at Franky's?—Judge.

Franky is, by the courtesy of the island, a gentleman. Indeed there is not a man here, of a white complexion, who does claim the same distinction by the same courtesy, be his fortune, occupation, or abilities, what they may.

My gentle host had originally been sent out to this island with a cargo of dry goods from England, and he has remained here ever

since. Having practised the arts of trade with uncommon success; he has risen in the community. He loves his bottle and his dish, and provided he is allowed to pick out the nice bits and dainties for himself, is fond of seeing and regaling his friends.

He is by no means indebted to a superior understanding for his fortune, which he owes entirely to the dint of calculation and some commercial arts. But if refined sense be not among his qualities, some of the natural senses sufficiently repay him on the score of earthly

earthly enjoyments: the taste and touch, those inlets of animal bliss are the grand sources of Franky's happiness. The sense of smelling too he possesses in an eminent degree, by which he is able to pre-enjoy a ragout: the eye and the ear only, those noble doors to rational and intellectual joy, are deficient in him; yet he sees and hears every thing.

Franky continues a bachelor for a very odd reason, a paradox, because he is much attached to one of the sex: but the mystery drops, when you learn that his

mistress is a fat negro wench, who governs him with as absolute a sway, as did ever the most fair and beautiful virago her Jerry Sneak. There are prodigies here that want explanations.

Benniba, this jetty dame, is the caterer to all his appetites: by her are his daily luxurious repasts prepared, and in her arms are his happy evenings closed. As a table companion Franky is by no means despicable; well acquainted with the proper age, fullness, and ripeness of Mother Allen's claret, thoroughly versed in the
culinary

culinary arts of the torrid zone, he can discuss the various ingredients forming the compound of every savoury dish, and thus make himself agreeable to the epicure: to the planter, though he knows nothing of the cane, he can discourse on the colour and granulation of sugar, determine its value by its sparkling, predict the market price of rum, and settle minutely all the properties of a hoghead or a puncheon. Among his mercantile friends he is thoroughly at home; and every man in a West-India island is *de jure* a law-

yer. Is not Franky a happy man? An Englishman, in the torrid zone, loving a greasy old black woman, indulging his gross appetites, a gentleman, a companion in request, self-approving, eating, drinking, sleeping away his life in solid and substantial happiness. O, happiness, ideal vapour of the brain! Dost thou forsake the refined intelligent mind to fix thy dwelling here? See what thou art! Forgetfulness of the past, thoughtlessness of the future, a gorged stomach and a drunken revel!

Such

Such happiness and ignorance provoke me.
How noble were the thing called knowledge,
Did it but lead us to a bliss like thine !
But there's a secret curse in wisdom's train,
Which on its pleasures stamps perpetual pain,
And makes the wise man loser by his gain. }

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

Franky received me with great good nature, but at the same time with an affectation of superior breeding. The company was soon met : a select party of toppers ; and, being a stranger, I was well taken care of both in eating and drinking. The dinner being served, we sat down to a table that was plentifully,

tifully, and not inelegantly covered, doing great credit to Benniba's taste. In the middle stood an excellent pepper-pot. I must describe this dish—it is an olio, consisting of a large piece of meste beef, boiled to rags; a number of the leaves of toyau calliloo, a vegetable, I believe, peculiar to the torrid zone; some pods of negro pepper, with a quantity of another peculiar vegetable, called ocro, with thyme and scallions; to this is added crabs, shrimps, and cray-fish in abundance; and it is further thickened with dough dump-

dumplings and yams: the prevailing colour is green, through which we see rising the red of the cray-fish and shrimps, the white of the dumplings and yams, and the various hues of the different peppers. When well made, as was that I am describing, it is a very tempting dish.

The ocro grows on a bush the size of a currant bush, and hangs down in pods, much of the shape of the capsicum. These pods are full of a little round pale pink seed, and are very gelatinous. Yams are a large mealy root, by
some

some preferred to our potatoes; but the greatest richness is given to this olio by the crabs and crayfish.

The constant accompanier of pepper-pot, is *foufou*, or *tum-tum*, two names for the same thing. This is only boiled plantain, left to be stone cold, and then beat in a kind of wooden mortar: it both looks and eats like dough of a yellowish colour, and a dish of it would draw across a common room without breaking.

In the middle of the table was this luxurious pepper-pot: at the
top,

top, next to Franky, was a large hog-fish, attended with its proper sauces. This is the most luscious fish in the West Indies, and its head is a perfect jelly: the meat of it is white; it is broader than our salmon, but not in general so long, and obtains its name from its head resembling a snout.

At the bottom, was a callapee of turtle; next to the fish, at top, stood a large tureen of highly seasoned turtle soup: the rest of this course was made up of very fine mutton and various vegetables, to some

some of which (being peculiar to this soil) you are a perfect stranger.

Now turn your eyes upon my host in all his glory: as soon as the first dish was announced, he went to his room, whence, before the other dishes were arranged, he issued in his dining apparel; a long holland waistcoat, with sleeves, unbuttoned, no coat, and his wig laid by for a thin night cap, called a *sea-breeze*.

Into this garb let your imagination place a tall meagre figure, with slender dangling limbs and a pot-belly; give him high shoulders,
a yellow

a yellow shrivelled visage, a nose and chin forming prominent isthmuses on each side of the mouth, and almost meeting: with this let him be chewing the cud, and you will not be far from Franky.

We sat down: he desired every body to take care of themselves, and did not neglect the welcome in his own person: he helped himself to the whole of the hog-fish head, being the most delicate part, and at the same time took a plate of the turtle soup, so that the fish's head stood before him while he held the soup in his left hand,

hand, and with a large spoon in his right, ladled it as hot as he could bear it to his mouth. He ate two platefulls of it, and then began upon his fish, which was swallowed in a trice: the head being the only part he eats of this fish, the rest was exchanged for the callapee, with which he entertained himself most amply, and by the time he had proceeded thus far, he had drunk with every person at the table, either a glass of Madeira or one of brandy.

At most tables, in this country, the gentlemen hob-or-nob with

brandy, and call it *old* Madeira. A kind of repletory lull took place, and a bumper of Mother Allen's claret was proposed and filled round while the second course was serving. This consisted of sweatbreads, some excellent ragouts, chickens, ducks, crabs, and soldiers.

Franky devoured most of the sweatbreads himself, and then stuck to the black crabs. A second meal was now made as hearty as the first, and digestion again assisted by bumpers of brandy, which in this country is literally *eau de vie*.

An

An exquisite desert succeeded, in a service of the choicest fruits of the island; pines, oranges, granadilloes, avocados, star-apples, sappadilloes, pomegranates, ripe figs, grapes, musk, and water melons, with cashoo nuts, and cocoa nuts sliced.

I shall by and by, Eugenio, try to give you a *descriptive* taste of these good things, for here I could have forgiven an epicure excess.

With this our dinner ended, and the finest wines succeeded: these of course were all European—

claret, Madeira, hock. During dinner, we drank porter, ale, and punch. All the liquors were of a very refreshing coolness, being rendered so by a covering of wet cloths, sometimes only placed in the breeze, at others, the bottles are plunged into water, into which nitre has been thrown.

All the company went home drunk.

OLD CUDJOE.—A LANDSCAPE.

AN estate put in trust is like a consumptive patient gone to the hot-wells, where hundreds perish for one that is restored. Trustees are careless physicians, little interested in the fate of the patient, whose distemper, say they, was beyond the reach of art before he came under our hands. Even so I found the estate my father had left in this island, in the last stage of its disorder. A small debt, not one-fifth part of its value, had encreased,

encreased, since his death, under the care of its physicians, to almost its whole value.

“ Massa,” said old Cudjoe to me, some days after my arrival, “ you no dey go in a plantation ? ” “ all you nega dey come down, if “ you no go see ’em soon. You “ been tan here in a dis country, “ so long you no shame for no go “ see dem yet ? ” Very true, Cudjoe, said I to him, I ought to be ashamed of myself. Well, old man, we’ll set out to-morrow morning. “ Gar a mighty in a top ! Massa,

“dem nega dey go run mad wid
“joy for see you.”

Cudjoe is a character, and I must make him known to you : having worn the livery of old Massa, as he calls my father, he thought he had a right to wear mine, and claimed it the very day after I arrived. He made another claim on the score of his long attachment and fidelity ; nothing less than the Saturnalian freedom for every month as well as December.—

Age libertate Decembri,

(Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere ; narra.

He

He speaks his mind, and advancing years have had their wonted effect upon his tongue. He loves to talk, and I love to hear him talk. Our colloquies would divert you, could I remember them verbatim, for his remarks are often proverbial, and his allusions keen and novel.

The language of the negroes is more expressive than I could have supposed, and conveys their ideas most forcibly. Cudjoe has gained experience, and he tells old stories with humour. As to his person, it is a little moulded like

La Mancha's knight—as lean as you can well conceive; as erect, but not quite so tall, as Quixote: his features, however, do not continue the resemblance—the prominence of his nose being at its lower end, in shape like the ace of clubs, and one of his eyes a little cocked; but archness, rather than disgust, is the effect it produces, and, with the good-natured smile natural to him, gives a pleasant cast to his countenance; so that, when he combs his woolly hair—*he's as tight a lad to see to, as NEVER slept in leathern shoe.*

Put

Put him now into a stone-colour coat, with orange cape and cuffs, a striped waistcoat and breeches, neatly buttoned at the knees; give him neither stocking nor shoe, but a black stock and a fine frill, and you have a complete figure of Cudjoe, an old beau black footman. He serves me as well, and perhaps better than a young negro would; but his great desire to attend me, was the chief recommendation I had of him.

We got up very early to profit of the sun's absence. Transit Castle is seventeen miles beyond

Spanish Town, and Spanish Town is fourteen from Kingston.

When shall we get there Cud-joe? "Massa will come dere for
"nyam dinna, if massa no nyam
"dinna, a Panish Town in a
"pafs." But at what time Cud-joe? "Massa mufs top lilly bit
"for bait in a Panish Town, den
"we will catch de 'tate 'bout four
"or twelve o'clock." Though a clever fellow, Cudjoe had not yet adopted our modes of calculating time or distance. Either hour was soon enough to go and look at an alienating friend—I was in no hurry

hurry to behold possessions that were slipping out of my hands.

The face of this island partakes more of the sublime than of the beautiful: the magnificently horrid is ever presenting itself, the gentle and agreeable very rarely. Steep black mountains lifting their heads into the skies, craggy rocks, and immeasurable precipices. I know there are some few pleasant vallies, but they are very sparingly scattered. Nature has not here distributed much of that undulatory beauty, so delightful to the eye, and so agreeable to a traveller.

veller. To compare her to a carpenter (and many have made a worse simile of her) she has been at work with an adze and a wedge, not with a chissel and plane; and where she has for a moment thrown down the former for the latter, finding her materials ill suited to her tools, the coarser implements have been immediately resumed: every thing is big and abrupt, nothing gentle and gradual. The plain, scooped out about Kingston and Spanish Town, is a sandy flat, that reflects intolerably the rays of the sun.

The

The road of Sixteen-mile Walk, as it is called, brings one into a pretty vale, after travelling to the north, from Spanish Town, about ten or twelve miles, through a *crevice* of hills, if you will allow me the expression, which a great mind, expanding through the universe, may allow.

This entrance into the vale of St. Thomas, by Sixteen-mile Walk, is very picturesque, and never to be passed without admiration: but frightful perpendicular precipices, and a river foaming over a channel of huge stones, are the objects of this admiration.

Leaving

Leaving Spanish Town, we have a disagreeable dead level of sand, called the Savannah, for about four or five miles before we reach the romantic defile, formed by stupendous mountains. In approaching it, the road becomes hard and firm, and we have the first view of the river, or Rio Cobre, on the right, running through the woods towards Spanish Town, at first considerably below the level of the road; but a mile or two farther, the mountains, perpendicular, approach nearer each other, till they leave only just space enough

enough between them for the road and the river, that in some places are nearly on a level; in others, we look down many feet on the river, from which no fence separates us; and our way is so narrow, that frequently carriages find it difficult to pass each other.

For about three miles from the entrance, we keep the river on our right hand, then crossing a flat wooden bridge, that has neither wall nor rail, and scarcely raised above the water, which in rainy weather, overflows it many feet,

feet, we pursue the same romantic parallel lines of way and water, which, ever curving, bring the fronts of the tremendous cliffs directly before us, and seem to make the passage doubtful, or rather to be its end.

These cliffs, for miles, are perpendicular precipices of wonderful height; on the sides of which we, nevertheless, see slight trees scattered, whose roots cling sideways to the rocks, and the body grows straight upwards, so that they may be said to grow parallel with their soil.

The coolness of this road is easily imagined, nor is the light so glaring, being received only by reflection the greater part of the day.

The river has several beautiful, though short cascades, in its course through this passage, and we cross it again between nine and ten miles from town; where the prospect widens, and we are relieved from the apprehensions of being crushed to atoms between hills rushing together, or at least by their shaking off their overhanging rocks: and it is likely that
many

many of those in the bed of the river, so large as to resist the force of constant torrents, were once hanging over the heads of passengers.

The pleasure this scene affords is not of the gentle and agreeable kind, but like to that raised by the sight of a lion roaring in his cage:—it is an awful, a tremendous pleasure—the fiery eye, the paw and fangs;—gloom and precipitation are the principal images of the mind.

TRANSIT

TRANSIT CASTLE.

OS HOMINI SUBLIME DEDIT—
two hundred beings of this description have been at my feet, in spite of all my efforts to restrain them from humbling themselves so low. “Are you not our master? Are you not our old master’s son? We belong to you, we are your negroes, we are your poor faithful slaves.” They kissed my shoes again and again, and sung and showed extravagant joy. They all remained about the house the rest of the day. I made it a point

to talk to every one of them by turns, at which they were delighted, and threw out expressions as if they esteemed me a being of a superior order. I marked my repugnance at this fervility of mind to Philanthropos.—“ I do not wonder at it, said he; yet is it more pardonable in the ignorance and fears of a slave, than in the avarice and ambition of a statesman. Chains and tortures put the poor negroes constantly in mind of their dependence on their master, and finding flattery, and every species of fervility, powerful means

means of soothing the overseers that are placed immediately over them, it gradually becomes a part of their character. It has been so through all ages; servility is the attendant of slavery: would to God, all the causes of servility were eradicated!" "Hush, my dear Philanthropos, cried I, these sounds must not be heard. I have been told twenty times, since my arrival, that they are dangerous; that they are the blasts of rebellion; and truly what would become of you and your countrymen, according to your wish?"

“Become of us? The Being in whose hands are life and liberty best knows! But what are the misfortunes of one man, or one thousand, when mentioned with the sufferings of nations? Is it fit that this croud of men and women, that surround you, should pass their existence in misery, in order to provide you with luxury? Become of us! of me and my countrymen? Think you it is of any consequence to nature, whether I and my countrymen be men of fortune and remain so? Ask yourself, what is to become of

of you, when this estate, with all your negroes and your cattle, shall, by the worthy management of your honest trustees, be taken from you? All are not affluent—nay, how few, in comparison with the number that are obliged to support life by industry!”—

“What! turn all our planters adrift upon the wide world, to work for their bread?”—“Were that the sole alternative, replied Philanthropos, I would not scruple to say, yes:—Yes, let the whole body of them submit to labour, that general sentence pronounced upon

the race of Adam, rather than continue Nature on the rack. But, no; it is not the only alternative: I would have property safe, I would have the planters enjoy their property, but I would root out the very name of slavery. I would substitute laws and government—and, oh! perhaps in some glorious moment a philanthropic British Minister may immortalize his name by uniting the interest of the planter with the civil freedom of the negroe. Freedom destroys not labour and dependence: the highest of created beings are
depen-

dependent. The negroes that are already in the West Indies form a part of our society: freedom exempts from no duty; savage liberty is not desirable, the negroes ought to work. Rewards and punishments must remain to incite and to guard; but let the sword and balance be here, as they ought to be every where, delivered into the hands of Justice, not wantonly swung upon the wrist of Power."

Philantropos was beginning to grow warm in delivering his sentiments, when the overseer came

to tell me that the negroes were dancing in honour of my arrival, and we went to enliven them with our presence.

A ring is formed, in front of which they who mean to dance, place themselves—a woman is singled out by a beau-man, who exhibit all their powers of grace and activity—sometimes there are two men dance with one woman; they follow, fan her with their handkerchiefs, court her and leave her alternately, and make you understand, as perfectly as any ballet-dancer

dancer in Europe, what they mean.

The beau-men and beau-girls, who are the chief dancers, are usually very finely dressed; they are but a small number, in comparison with the others, who keep back and join to sing for them. I was much surprised at the extravagance of some of their dresses, when I was let into the secret by Philanthropos.—“ These beau-girls, said he, are the mistresses of the overseers and other white men, who think they cannot be too lavish in adorning their persons—the

the beau-men are the favourites of the beau-girls, who secretly furnish them at the expence of their keepers."—The music of these poor creatures has a wildness that finds its way to the heart—none of their rude instruments could produce any very pleasing effect, without the assistance of their voices; but, so supported, the Banjaw, the Goombay, the Jawbone, inspire mirth and alacrity.

The negroes are famous for the justness of their ear:—at their dances, a few of them sing the tune first in a slender tone, and
then

then the others join in chorus to repeat it loudly.

The moments appeared to glide away in forgetfulness, the approaching labour of the morning did not seem to interrupt their mirth, and I left them still dancing at two o'clock.

When retired to my room, I could not help reflecting on the group I had left, in their relative situation to me, as master and slave.—These men and women are mine—what a reflection! And I, had some misfortune thrown me on the coast of Barbary, might have

have been the property of a Mus-
fulman.—What a disgrace to na-
ture and reason is slavery at Al-
giers?

SLAVERY.

SLAVERY.—ALKREAH.

Ask a Briton, What is slavery? he replies, It is the deprivation of liberty, it is bondage, it is being entirely subject to the arbitrary disposal of another. And is this all you know of slavery? happy Briton! may you never know it in a more substantial form than words! Come on, thou sooty son of Afric, injured child of nature! speak—what is slavery?—I was taken in war, replies Alkreah; I was made prisoner and expected my death; but I soon found

the war had been made on account of the arrival of a vessel from Europe, whose commander had incited this attack on our nation, that he might exchange his cargo for the prisoners taken. With many more of my unfortunate countrymen, I was huddled on board his ship, with irons on my hands and feet. An unusual smell, confinement, and motion, brought on me a disorder I had never felt before, and as I did not doubt I had been purchased to be eaten, I wished my fate had passed on shore.

The

The day I lost sight of the land, I shed most bitter tears—to rest my limbs, I was jambed on my side, among others of my fellow sufferers, without room to move. I was every day carried up once in my turn, with a few others, for a short time to breathe fresh air, and I was whipped to dance for exercise. I was kept just alive on a food my palate was unaccustomed to, and could not relish; and a very small allowance of stinking water was all my drink. Oh, Taima! Oh, my countrywoman! shall I ever forget the
frantic

frantic horrors of your fate, while we were crossing the great sea?—her infant was snatched from her breast, to be stowed away with other infants, in order to make the most of the room allotted to the men and women.—Taima ceased not to rend the air with her cries, and the voices of other mothers joined to reach the heart of the barbarian who commanded the vessel—perhaps nature moved a rebellious gesture. Taima was brought upon the deck, and, with his own hands, the master threw her child into the

the

the sea before her.—The wretched mother raised her irons to the face of the man-devil, and instantly sprung madly into the ocean, to death and her infant. Such was the fate of Taima on the wide sea.

When I saw the land again, I jumped, and threw myself prostrate, and cried aloud with joy, Now will they eat me, and poor Alkreeh will go back to Guinea. I was carried on shore, but, alas ! they did not eat me. I found many of my countrymen already here, who told me I was to work

all my life. Being young, lusty, and strong, I was soon separated from my ship-mates.

It is hard to work with a heavy heart.—A stick with a piece of iron at the end of it was put into my hand, and I was ordered to dig the ground with others; but I dug with such reluctance, that I received many lashes of the whip as I stood at the work. One day my unwillingness to dig was told to the white man who had the care of the ground.—Alkreat, said he to me, you do not like to work, try if you like a flogging better.

better.—Four of my countrymen, at a nod they dared not disobey, seized me—the frock, the only rag they had covered me with, was pulled over my head; I was stretched on my face, and pinned to the ground by superior force—another black man, called a *Driver*, standing at a certain distance from me, threw the very point of his lash to such a nicety on my back, that every stroke tore out a piece of my flesh, at the same time making a great report. These lashes were repeated till I was raw from my shoulders to my hams.

I was then taken up, and the white man asked me who was to feed and take care of me for nothing? I was insensible to this, for my hunger was scarcely ever satisfied, as I had not begun to plant a spot of ground for my subsistence; and I said, in my own language, Alkreah could eat in his own country——Alkreah never knew hunger.--Why have you taken Alkreah from home? why do not you eat him and have done with him?

Time, habit, and fear made me submit to my fate—I dug with
refig-

resignation, if not with cheerfulness—I planted provision for myself, I made a fire in my hut, I took a female to live with me, and had children; but I hated my tyrant, and tilled his lands for him through fear, as frequent torture was the sole spring of labour and industry.

My son, dreading a flogging, ran into the woods and hid himself; I was therefore put into the stocks, kept there day and night, and flogged or upbraided till he returned: then was I released to hold him while our tyrant drop-

ped melted sealing wax, and boiling sugar, from the taich, upon his naked back, smiling and enjoying our torture.

My daughter gave offence—she was stripped, peeled with the whip, and her raw back was salted. Again and again was this performed upon her for the same offence: the poor child died, and I was ordered to put her into a hole. The person of another daughter attracted the eyes of the overseer, and excited his desires—she lived with him, cleaned his house, mended his cloaths, nursed him

him in sickness, and brought him children in health. His last child, a boy just born, lay smiling on the breast of his mother, from which he was drawing food and life:—this poor mother had dared to show a spark of jealousy and natural modesty, when the upstart tyrant insulted her by showing a wanton preference to another.—A slave insulted! a slave show jealousy! Stretched on the ground, by his orders, the poor girl beat the earth with that bosom which contained the nourishment of his own offspring, and from which

one minute before it had been feasting. Panting, shrieking, and bloody, the villain was not appeased, till, snatching her from under the hands of the driver, he beat her inhumanly with his own horsewhip, over her face and breast:—I saw the wounds he inflicted, I saw their scars long after.

I continued to labour, I rose long before the sun, and I saw him go down with the hoe in my hand. At noon, I was allowed a small portion of time to eat a plantain, or a yam dipt in her-
ring-

ring-pickle, and to rest. Fatigue still remained upon my weary bones, when the shell, true to its blast, turned me forth again. Quick successions of wet and heat, with toil, I may say unremitted toil, added to despair, unstrung my sinews, I fainted, and I sunk. My health, my strength was gone. I was sent to a hut called a hot-house, the sad receptacle for the sick, there to wait the next periodical visit of a white man they call Doctor.

Three days after came this hot-house Doctor, who at the first glance

glance pronounced me spent, and that I should never again be worth my herring-salt or Osnaburg.

This was my sentence—Oh! had my purchasers destroyed and eaten me, what had I owed them? what misery had they saved poor Alkreeh!

My more than savage master did not chuse to eat me himself, but doomed me to be eaten alive by crows. To save the expences of an useless slave, I was to be fastened on my back, as if dead, on a plank, in such a manner that I could not stir an inch of
me:

me: thus was I to be conveyed to Carrion Crow Gulley.

Remote from public haunt, about a mile beyond his house, in the crevice of two hills, for it cannot be called a valley, stands a rock, to which are brought, fastened on a plank, all from the hot-house whom the doctor pronounces incurable, there left to perish and be devoured by carrion crows. 75.

To this rock was I fated, but, dying as I was, I got the start of the orders in the night, being too ill to be suspected. I have crept away

away into this wood; I have secured my retreat from the hellhound.—Alkreeh is going home; soon now will he reach his native coast, from which he cannot be sold twice;—see, I had strength left to dig a shallow grave;—behold! I lay myself down in it, and, oh! cover it if thou can’st.

SLAVERY.

SLAVERY.—AFRA.

I own it, Eugenio—I have gathered into one point of view various incidents, hideous in their nature, and joined them to the heart of man. From the mind of men, professed Christians, I have made to spring the whip, wax, and gulley; tyranny, cruelty, and murder. I have done it to shew you the picture of slavery in its monstrous size. The incidents are nevertheless true, some to my own knowledge, others I have from

from credible information; and, from the picture, you may form a judgement of the state of slavery under men of hot and arbitrary dispositions. I need not tell you, Eugenio, what virtue it requires to withstand the temptations of power; and therefore, however complaisantly or humanely I might have added a hope, that such dispositions are very sparingly sprinkled over the island, I fear it would neither alter the nature of power in weak minds, or be the truth. Power is in general placed in the hands of overseers, a race of wretched

wretched beings, at once weak, ignorant, and tyrannical. A mild and virtuous West Indian has double merit, for he has to fight with the demon of despotism, and to conquer the baneful influence of his climate: some there are; but of these the greater part, we find, chuse to avoid the contest, and wisely preferring flight to victory, depute the horrid management to men less virtuous and more savage, by which they often hurt their fortunes, while they live more happily and more innocently in Europe. Some, too, there

there are, who (their opulence aiding their inclinations) have dared to face the battle, and these have made life tolerable to their slaves. For power is the servant of great minds, but the tyrant of little ones. That power which, in one, oppresses the short hour of rest, and sprinkles gall upon the avocado; in another, makes the hoe light, and the plantain sweet. Titus deemed a day lost, in which he had done no good action. Nero played the fiddle while he fired Rome. In the list of Roman Emperors we count very few like
Titus,

Titus--how many like Nero ! Shall we draw the inference ? It is to be hoped, Eugenio, that if evil prevails over good, in some quarters of the globe, and at some periods of time; that, in other quarters, and at other times, good will predominate. And let us enjoy the reflection, that since slavery has been tolerated in the West-Indies, there are some men who have the spirit and virtue to render the yoke easy and the burden light.

As a contrast to Alkreeh, let us draw the picture of an elderly

negro woman, whose name shall be Afra.

Whilst on a visit to a friend, I strolled one evening, just before the sun had set, down to the spot allotted for the negro huts. Turning from the public road, I walked something less than a quarter of a mile, along the side of a cane-field on my right, and a rivulet on my left, having in sight the huts, as they seemed to peep through trees of different sizes and kinds. When I entered this humble village, I was both surprised and delighted. The huts,

2. well

well thatched, resembling English cottages, stood at some distance from each other; these distances were unequal, affording the pleasure of variety; and most of them had spots enclosed as a garden. The ground was firm, the rivulet ran winding through it; and around every cottage grew orange, avocado, shaddock, or plantain trees, forming a delightful grove over the whole, which, in some places, was impenetrable by the sun, whose rays, in other spots, found ample admission. The coolness and fragrance of the grove, added

to the pleasure I felt from so unexpected a scene.

I had had some views of negro houses before, half built, and filthy, exposed on scorching worn-out hills, or raised in equal rows along the side of a sandy road. I had no idea of a comfortable negro habitation. Here I turned with pleasure from hut to hut—the tenants of them were yet at labour in the field—all was neat—most had two apartments, some had three; and, though not terraced, the ground was hardened into something like it.

At

At the door of one of the best of these huts I found Afra, sitting on a rustic bench, with several young children about her. She had on a shift of fine linen, with various figures wrought upon the bosom, and a petticoat of blue callimanco, made according to the negro taste, very full: her head was tied round with a white handkerchief that had a deep border of blue. She was attending to a pot over a fire, at one corner of the little yard.—I walked up to her—What is slavery, Afra? To work, replied she, for the be-

nefit of another, without any hope but what flows from his bounty. It is a chain which, in some hands, galls and eats into the very bones of miserable creatures, and in others scarcely is felt by the arm that wears it. In me, continued she, you behold a slave, who never felt what slavery was: I hardly remember to have crossed the water, so young was I brought from my native country. I have been nourished and cloathed from my infancy: I have been cured of sickness; I have worked moderately—I have brought into the

the world six stout boys and girls, now grown men and women; and, for this reason, I am suffered to rest for the remainder of my days. I see my children well treated, and they labour well for it.—My daughters are doing their best to enjoy early the freedom I have gained—these little ones you see are theirs.—My sons work on their own grounds, from which they supply themselves and me: two days in the week are allowed them for it; and I have put by a small sum of money from the superfluous produce of our gardens.

Our master is good; he allows no cruelty to be exercised over us—adequate punishment attends its crime; no torture is known. Our master is beloved by us—his slaves encrease yearly—his slaves are contented, they are happy. I, Afra, am not yet very old, and though, when I die, I shall return to Guinea, yet have I many days to live, I hope, to see my master rich and happy, and to prepare my sons their savoury pot when they return from work:—and look, here they come as the sun goes down.

SLAVERY.

SLAVERY.

EUGENIO, compare the pictures of Alkreeh and Afra, and you will be ready to exclaim, that the horrors of slavery depend upon the possessors of slaves, and are not inherent in the idea of slavery, no more than cruelty is inherent in the idea of power, which may produce the most happy effects; and therefore vulgar minds, that do not reason refinedly on causes, but judge merely by effects, may be happy in slavery,

very, if it be not sinning to call by the name of slavery, that subordination to an absolute power, which absolute power is ever acting for the good of those subject to it.

“In such a case,” says Montequieu, “in the forms of government, absolute monarchy must have the preference.” Nor is it to be doubted, that the government of a superior being (for such must be the governor) would have an unbounded superiority over all others: but where,
on

on earth, are such governors to be found ?

“ The African’s loss of liberty,” said a French priest, “ is amply compensated to him, by the heavenly interest he acquires among Christians.” I wish it were so, and perhaps it is more so in the Roman Catholic islands, where the slaves are instructed in the religion of their masters ; but here, Eugenio, I know they are kept in profound ignorance, and no pains taken with them but to make them labour.

There

There is a clause in one of the acts of the assembly, requiring them to be taught the Christian doctrine; but it is a sleepy clause that lies undisturbed, and no one thinks it his business to rouse and set it into motion; and the legislators themselves thought not of a means to enforce it.

Whatever may be the opinions of a thoughtless prosperity concerning religion, it certainly is one of the greatest comforts of adversity; and if these poor creatures could be brought to a sense of
of

of it, it would surely soften the hardships they endure.

Slavery has found her advocates—unnatural fact! and arguments have been held forth to establish its utility and necessity. If it be useful and necessary, I am sure it is not amiable; nor can the sum total of sensual pleasure, derived from all the luxuries of both east and west, in the least at one to a benevolent mind, for that pang it feels, when reflecting on the melancholy means by which the pleasure is obtained. Let a painter paint a
poor

poor African with chains about his body, reluctantly lifting the hoe and letting it fall: let him make a picture of an Indian with a bow and arrow in pursuit of his game:—if you do not find the former hideous, and the latter amiable; if you do not look with disgust on the one, and delight on the other, come and purchase an estate here, you are a proper man to promote the manufacture of sugar and rum.

SLAVERY.

SLAVERY.

IT is from the cultivation of the cane, in the torrid zone, that the advocates of slavery urge its utility and necessity ; because the labour is too hard for European hands, the toil and heat insupportable to European constitutions. They have not proved that this cane itself, is either useful or necessary to the happiness of mankind. Chronologists say the world is between five and six thousand years old—when was the cane first cultivated? Do

we

we find the want of it making a chasm in the enjoyments of the ancients ?

Some chuse to defend slavery, on the grounds of the African being a distinct and inferior species; and I am inclined, Eugenio, to think this the best argument offered on the subject. Prove to me that the African is not a man; prove to me that heaven has not bestowed upon him the distinction of reason; prove to me that he is merely a brute, and I will be one of the foremost to say, compel him into your service.

Could.

Could I, as the historian of Jamaica has done, enter into the anatomical inquisition, and decomposition of original human particles, and thereby, as he has done, satisfy myself of a difference of species, it would never diminish the repugnance I feel at the very name of slavery—of that name that implies the degradation of animated nature, into a monstrous machinery, wound up and kept in motion by torture.

I extend the idea, on purpose, from human to animated nature, because I would prefer giving the milder name of service, to that

assistance we receive from the inferior animals, on whom cruelty can never be innocently exercised, and whose servitude, carried to excess, is unjustifiable slavery.

A mild dominion over irrational creatures, is the gift of nature, or, what is the same, of nature's God to man; it is the natural pre-eminence of the reason bestowed on humanity: but man's free will, the gift of the same nature, bestowed alike on all mankind, is the charter of his liberty, his indisputable title to his freedom; a gift which he has not himself the power to dispose of, being

as much one of the properties that constitute his essence, as the breath he draws, or the speech he articulates ; and for the use of which he is, by reason and by religion, rendered accountable to the Giver.

It is plainly seen that animals, of the very same species, are ever varying in colour and feature ;—but man is man, place him on what spot of the earth you will ;—distinguish his customs and manners, and, at pleasure, paint his countenance white, black, brown, olive ; what you will, man is man ; and it is playing shamefully with

terms, to talk of a different species, and thereby mean brute. But it is not only in the larger quarters of the globe, that the race of men differ; almost every country, nay the different provinces of the same country, give to their inhabitants a distinguishing character.

Colour and smell, the learned know, depend upon habit and taste: white and red are not essential to beauty, and many West Indians own their hearts more touched by the charms of negro and mulatto women, than by those
of

of European ladies. As for smell, there are nations of white people who can drink train oil, and our own peasants, not to say our courtiers, send forth, at times, very unfavourable effluvia.

I own I have sometimes been struck with the fetid smell of many of the negroes; but it is more or less in different persons, and many have as little as an European.

I am ashamed to dwell on such arguments;—fine criterion of humanity! what numbers of beasts would it not make! how many

a philosopher might tremble for
his manhood!

A MOCK HEROIC POEM.

My friend, Philanthropos, is a
dabbler in rhimes; and I do not
think, my dear Eugenio, that the
following ludicrous poem, written
by him, on the amour of a young
Creole and his sable goddess, will
be irrelevant to the remarks I
have made to you, on the variety
of

of taste, concerning colour and smell.

Whether the story be real or fictitious, it is very simple; and he assures me, the kind of affection he has drawn is not uncommon. Some of his epithets, and rhimes, are whimsical, and suited to his subject.

THE SIMKINIAD:

A POEM.

IN FOUR CANTOS.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

ΔΟΥΕ ΕΣ ΛΙΚΕ Α ΛΟΟΣΗΙΣ.

SAPHO.

Introduction.—Simkin's Sister receives a Gift from her Grandmother of a Congo Slave—he falls in love, resolves to possess her, and makes an Attempt, which is frustrated.

OF cross events, and stories dire,
The sad effects of Simkin's ire,
Sing, heavenly Muse! Old Homer's page
Treats of a puff to Simkin's rage:

In

In this, howe'er, they both agree,
'Twas all about a paltry She:
'Twas for his slave the Grecian bray'd,
And Simkin for a Congo maid;
Elmeria, whom a Guinea trader
Had purchas'd, or, perhaps, way-laid her;
Perch'd on the bow, 'midst tar and oakum,
And trembling where the Captains poke 'em.
The sable race of Afric stood:
Among the rest, in careless mood,
Undreaming of her coming fate,
She, careless, pick'd her wool and ate.
Then, singled from her wond'ring friends,
The jetty nymph the bark descends:
To Simkin's sister now they brought her;
"The slave is yours; your grandame bought her:
"To you a gift the girl 's consign'd,
"To raise, and model to your mind."
Simkin stood near, and Cupid, fly,
Full in our Hero's teeth let fly;

Which

Which fir'd his brain to such degree
That nought but eat and sleep did he :
Both day and night supine he laid
Bedreaming of his Congo maid ;
Her ebon skin, her country cuts,
Her bushy curls, and slender guts,
Her pouting lips, which Cupids lurk in,
All join to set his blood a working.

Old Homer gave his blade a friend ;
We look for one to serve our end.
None troubled friendship, or such folk less,
So Simkin can have no Patroclus :
But since he was resolv'd to *have*
The beauteous, jetty, Congo slave,
Alone, unhelp'd, he would go thro',
And what he undertook would do.

Still was the night, and all retir'd,
When Simkin fought the Nymph admir'd :
Stretch'd lay Elmeria on the floor,
Shedding her fumes near Stella's door :

Wary

Wary he walk'd, and breath'd her name,
And grop'd about, and nearer came;
Chance laid his hand upon her bush,
Which made her scream, and him cry, hush!
Awaken'd Stella heard the din,
And call'd her slave to rest within;
Within was stretch'd his Congo Maid,
And Simkin sneak'd away to bed.

CANTO

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Θε μὰρ νῦν εἶς — θε μὰρ ἴτ' εἷς.

HOMER.

How Simkin's rage was kindled against his Sister Stella, on Account of his Disappointment, which he vents in Oaths aloud to himself—How Simkin spoke to Elmeria, and how he gained her Love, with a Love Dialogue between Simkin and Elmeria.

AS the Sun rose, so did our Hero,
 With thoughts as foul and black as Nero :
 He fir'd his pipe with fulk most solemn,
 And cock'd his feet against the column :
 " Curs'd be the day ! thrice curs'd quo' he,"
 (This speech was all Soliloquy)
 " Curs'd be the day ! thrice curs'd he said,
 " That mammy brought a girl to bed :

These

- “ These female whelps are worse than blisters;
“ Why should a man be plagued with sisters?
“ Whose modest eye, and decent ear,
“ With lawless love must interfere :
“ To keep them chaste we must be squat,
“ And never seem to know what ’s what.
“ Curs’d be the chance that laid my black one
“ So near that Stella’s ear could track one;
“ Curs’d Stella’s ear, that was so vacant
“ To catch Elmeria’s scream and wake on’t ;
“ Curs’d my own fist ! and curs’d the fate
“ That led that fist to seize her pate :
“ Bless’d be her pate, but curs’d the wool
“ That could not bear so slight a pull :
“ Curs’d be the twitch, that made her squall ;
“ And curs’d the night that caus’d it all ! ”

In dreadful ire he curs’d and smok’d,
And spit it out or must have choak’d :
There as he sat his sister came ;
Unconscious Stella knew no blame :

Suspicion

Suspicion yet no part had play'd,
For Stella was a spotless maid :
By Nature form'd, unspoil'd by art,
And with a face that spoke her heart.
With crafty care he veil'd his passion,
And told her, " how dee !" in his fashion.
O'er India's leaf the house assembled,
And Simkin all his rage dissembled.
The black Elmeria too had snor'd,
And, snoring, dreamt she was ador'd
By one who came t' her all in white,
Which made her wake all in a fright :
When she awoke, she soon bethought her
That Simkin was the youth that sought her :
Ah ! Simkin fair, and Simkin jolly !
Thy maid, inspir'd with amorous folly,
Subdued by thy all-glorious figure
Thy black-one's heart began to snigger.
As to his lips he rais'd the faucer,
His watchful eyes first came across her,

That

That instant down the saucer come,
The scalding liquor peel'd his thumb;
But scalding was a petty smart,
To what Elmeria gave his heart.

It was—no matter where it was —
They met, and Simkin op'd his cause:

“ Elmeria, oh! how I love you!”

“ Maffa (says she) me *lub* you too.”

“ But, ah! Elmeria, woe is I!

“ In Stella's chamber you must lie.”

“ She tell me I must *leab* her room,

“ I fling about too much perfume.”

“ Then happy me! My nose is such

“ I ne'er, my black, can smell too much:

“ Now blest'd the chance that laid thee, blackie,

“ So near that Stella's nose could track ye!”

Thus all agreed, at length they part:

“ Take, take (he cried) thy Simkin's heart;

“ At present be our joys delay'd,

“ Simkin is thine, sweet Congo maid.”——

CANTO

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

Θεῖ μῦθε νου κρι θεῖ λισς νου πωις,

Ισαι νου σάλλ νοτ γν ουτ μισς. ANACREON.

*The Goddess Discord hovers round Simkin's Mansion,
and at last takes her Station in a Part of it—
Stella engag'd to a Merry-making, which Simkin
resolves to mar—he insinuates himself with Mol-
brinia, his Mother, who prevents Stella from
joining her Party—The Rage of Simkin and Mol-
brinia—Stella confin'd.*

AS Cupid enter'd, wanton God!
Then Discord, too, with envious nod,
Thrice round and round the mansion hover'd,
To gain a spot there undiscover'd:

At length she dous'd her wings and smockit,
And thrust her soul in Simkin's pocket :
For Gods and Goddeses, like elves,
Ne'er stick at where they poke themselves;
And had his pocket wanted stitches,
Discord had flown within his breeches :
For tho' old Homer made her thighs
The half way house 'twixt earth and skies,
At art the goddess was so nimble,
She 'd douse her size to fill a thimble.
With many a pinch, and many a jirk,
Too soon she set his brain to work ;
Set him to think his fable blessing,
A dainty worth a God's possessing,
That sure she must the minds enflame
Of all who near his Venus came,
And Stella's visits, sister Stella,
Expos'd his nymph to ev'ry fellow ;
For she, he always might depend on't,
Where Stella went was her attendant :

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

Θε μωρε του κρι θι λισς του πωρε,

I σαι του σάλλ ποτ γυν ουτ μισς. ANACREON.

*The Goddess Discord hovers round Simkin's Mansion,
and at last takes her Station in a Part of it—
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2

At

At length she dous'd her wings and smockit,
And thrust her soul in Simkin's pocket :
For Gods and Goddesſes, like elves,
Ne'er ſtick at where they poke themſelves;
And had his pocket wanted ſitches,
Discord had flown within his breeches :
For tho' old Homer made her thighs
The half way houſe 'twixt earth and ſkies,
At art the goddeſs was ſo nimble,
She 'd douse her ſize to fill a thimble.
With many a pinch, and many a jirk,
Too ſoon ſhe ſet his brain to work ;
Set him to think his ſable bleſſing,
A dainty worth a God's poſſeſſing,
That ſure ſhe muſt the minds enflame
Of all who near his Venus came,
And Stella's viſits, ſiſter Stella,
Expos'd his nymph to ev'ry fellow ;
For ſhe, he always might depend on't,
Where Stella went was her attendant :

Besides our hero's sole delight
Was all to be her arrant knight,
To rove thro' neighbouring woods and brakes,
To bring her canes and sugar-cakes.

Stella, whose worth had gain'd her friends,
Whose heart at Friendship's altar bends,
Could see a sister's charms yet love,
And if she could, would still improve,
Had form'd a party, thought no treason,
'Twas at a great and mirthful season ;
Her mother too had long agreed on't ;
Poor Simkin's heart alone wou'd bleed on't :
He long resolv'd to spit his gall,
And Discord whisper'd, " Mar the Ball :"
" 'Tis then resolv'd, she goes not out ;
" But how to bring the thing about :"
" Speak soft in Mammy's ear, she'll knock it ;"
Replies the spirit from his pocket.
Strait to Molbrinia now he came :
(Molbrinia was his mother's name :)

- “ Mammy, says he, I’ve often thought
“ Indulgence might become a fault :
“ And as for this here ball—who knows—
“ No doubt if Stella goes, she goes:—
“ Perhaps—some think—it may be true—
“ As for my part, I’ll stay with you.”——
“ Ay!—What?—perhaps—you’re right my son—
“ Sure bind, sure find—the matter’s done:
“ You’re right my son, upon reflection,
“ I’ll quickly break this new connection,
“ From which, as you observe, I see
“ A deal of harm derived may be ;
“ And therefore to prevent the evil,
“ I swear by ev’ry God, and Devil,
“ Stella nor t’others shall go hence;
“ Nor care I if I give offence :
“ Who but my darling Simkin rules ?
“ No, no, my son, we ’re not turn’d fools.”——
Molbrinia smil’d, and blest’d her eyes
That she should have a son so wise :

Simkin with pleasure clapp'd his breeches,
And Discord laugh'd and gave him twitches.
Then to Elmeria Simkin fled,
To vent his laugh on Stella's head :
That 't would be funny, both agreed,
To see how Stella's heart would bleed.

Now as the promis'd hour drew near,
See Stella at her glass appear !

Her youthful heart with joy exulting,
From innocence her smiles resulting :
When to her chamber gloomy, frowning,
Molbrinia comes ! all pleasure drowning :

" What means this dressing, this bedizing ?

" For me, I 'm far above disguising :

" Go out you shan't : you hear me plain ;

" No pouts, no tears, they're all in vain :

" As to excuses, I care nought

" For who's displeas'd, no, not a groat !"

Then to her chin she drew her lips,

And shrugg'd her shoulders and her hips.

Pleasure poor Stella's cheek forsook,
She wore a disappointed look ;
Perhaps an angry sentence came ;
Which sure the rigid scarce could blame ;
But in Molbrinia work'd such rage,
As to relate would burn the page :
Simkin and she together roar,
And foam, and squall, and stamp the floor :
Mighty Pelides in those days o' his
Did not so storm for lovely Briseïs.
Discord advis'd from Simkin's pocket,
To push her in her room and lock it.
Poor Stella thus in prison laid,
Fair Simkin fought his Congo maid.

CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.

Γω οὐ μὲν σέβ, λείτ κορυλατίων θεῖος.

ARISTOTLE.

*Discord flutters between Simkin and Molbrinia,
and spits her venom on their bread and
butter—Stella releas'd—Molbrinia upholds Sim-
kin in his incontinence—Elmeria's repentance and
flagellation, with her bathing at the Spring.*

THE Goddess Discord lov'd such fun,
And strove to make it higher run.
'Twas nuts for her fond teeth to crack—
Her dealings were for ever black :
Between this pair contriv'd to flutter,
And spit upon their bread and butter ;

The

The which as soon as e'er they swallow'd,
Much gall, and bile, and anger follow'd.
In vain, so all the Muses tell us,
Discord applied her furious bellows
To raise a flame from Stella's spleen :
No spark of rancour there was seen,
Her puffs had rais'd a just contempt of
Simkin, which he never dreamt of.
She never thought her room a cage,
While she could turn a poet's page.
They found their fury all in vain,
And so they let her out again.

Now to Molbrinia Simkin went,
And op'd the tale incontinent :
Told her his love for Stella's slave,
And begg'd Mamma's consent to have.
Gods! who can e'er the story credit !
Who will not swear the poet made it,
When forth these crambo lines shall trumpet,
A mother countenanc'd the strumpet !

"My son, she said, the girl's for thee,

"Tho', in exchange, I offer three,

"Let fairer nymphs my Simkin snarl at,

"My son shall have his jetty harlot."

Mistaken dame! thy chaster daughter,

Defies a bribe: 'twas nature taught her:

In vain, on int'rest you confide;

She vows for justice on her hide:

The brazen slave shall own 'twas rash,

And Simkin stand to count each lash.

Simkin to soothe his mind endeavour'd,

But much in mind his black-one waver'd:

Elmeria shook in ev'ry limb,

And view'd her future rack, for him,

Fear had brought reason to her noddle,

She saw herself deep in the puddle;

And now resolv'd for once to try her,

Best, forth to scramble from the mire:

At Stella's feet she vow'd repentance,

And therefore hop'd a milder sentence.

In

In vain poor Simkin sues and whimpers,
She thoughtless picks and eats and simpers,
For now inconstant fearful Black,
On Sim she turn'd indignant back:
This rous'd his rage, the house he shook,
And gave Elmeria such a look,
His love soon chang'd to gall and rancour,
He rais'd his fist; and such a spanker!
The bloody stream her nostrils gush'd,
And down the briny waters rush'd;
So copious stream'd her eyes and nose,
That poor Elmeria wet her cloaths:
"But dry or wet, she shall be peal'd,
"Drag hence the brimstone to the field."
As to the field the *Drivers* brought her,
Her eyes they swore held too much water,
For *Shif* and *Dacas* too were wet,—
And look! her eyes were streaming yet.
Now to the field our Hero goes,
With Discord perch'd upon his nose.

While

While loud she bray'd like any jack-ass,
Simkin himself untied her dacas,
And while her sweets perfum'd each gale,
He show'd the Heaven's his black-one's tail:
The neighb'ring fences huge crows tarry on,
And snuff the hopes of future carrion.
Crow flatters crow, "they kill the wench."
Some swear it from the mortal stench:
Ketch sickens as the whip he throws,
And even Simkin holds his nose.
Nor stench, nor shrieks his wrath assuage—
What stem a Hero in his rage!
Oh! sooner might you think to battle,
The angry streams that pittle pattle,
That bear off huts in little pieces,
And wash along e'en water cresses.
He wrecks his rage with many a weal,
Then bids her go and show her tail,
And if her mistress can't endure it,
Reverse the proverb, she may cure it.

This

This said, away with pride he trotted:
And now Elmeria, who had got it,
Limp'd to the spring to clean *him* kin,
Venting her curses on poor Simkin.
The troubled fountain bath'd her back,
But still retains a briny smack:
And hence the fountain took its name,
Salt-Fountain now consign'd to fame,
And whoſo taſtes it never fails,
To dream of wrath, and bloody tails.—

END OF VOL. I.